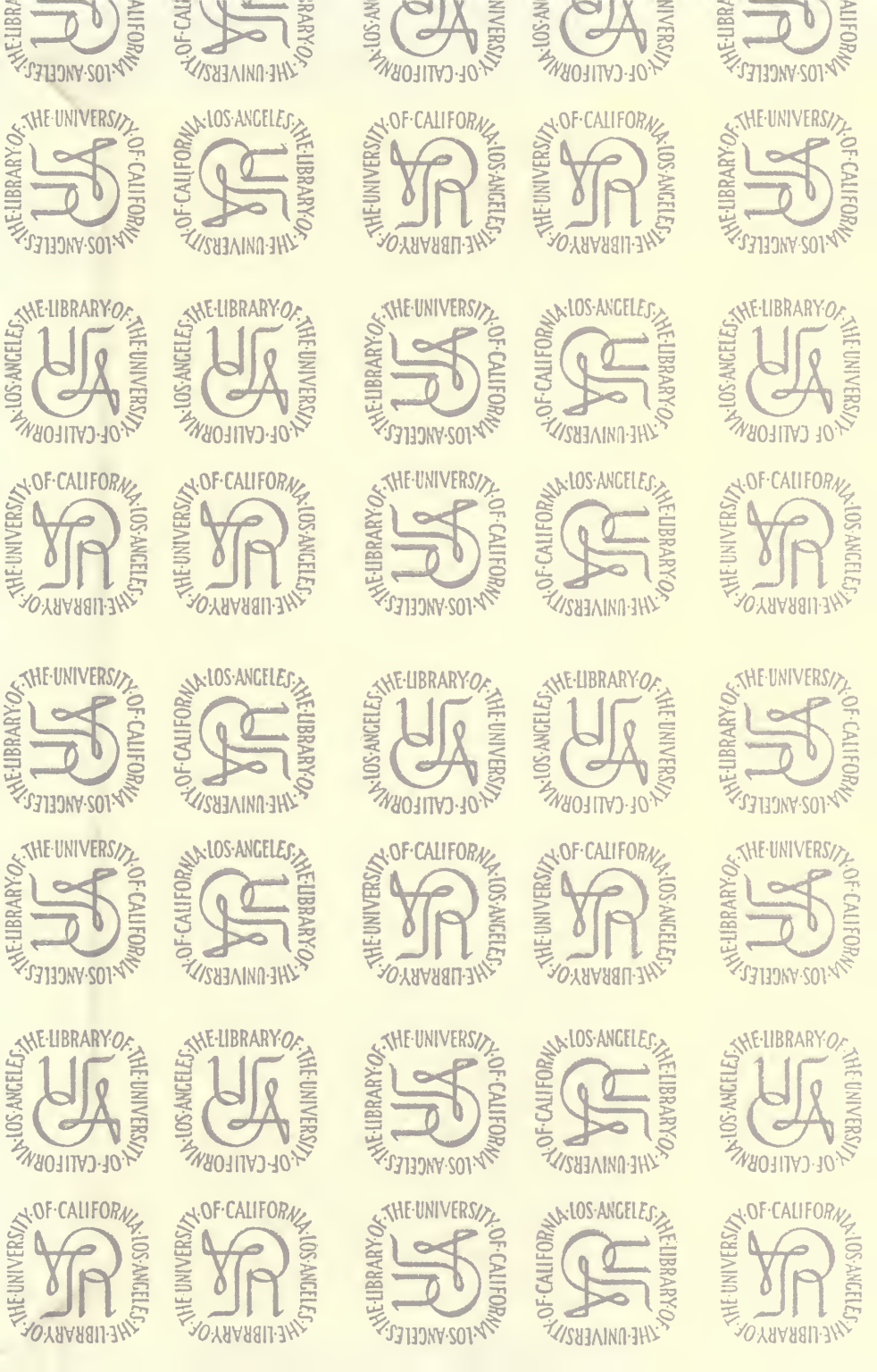


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*Poems by Arthur Upson  
& George Norton Northrop*



EDMUND D. BROOKS  
MINNEAPOLIS  
MCMII





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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE  
SAMOVAR CLUB



I.



F old, with empty hands and slow,  
The palmer sought the distant shrine  
I swift to many altars go,  
Another's hand in each of mine.

## II.



FOUND a little bobolink  
Which had strayed from his mother's  
nest;  
He had not learned to fear and shrink  
When away from the brooding breast.

I held him gently with loving hand  
And he stroked my cheek with his bill,  
The while the motherbird shrieked, and fanned  
The air with a passionate will.

I met a ragged, sweetfaced child  
With great brown eyes of trust;  
She looked at me and softly smiled  
As her hand in mine she thrust.

A scowling crone put up her fist,  
With curses called the maid;  
The laughing child danced as she wist,  
By naught of threat dismayed.

Oh, the world is young and the world is old,  
But the world of youth for me!  
The old world's wise as a dream that is told:  
I would it were ageless and free!

### III.

Grieg's "Einsamer Wanderer."



UT on the bleak abandoned  
moor  
Begirt by shroud of storm-  
clouds drear  
And black tree trunks decayed  
and sere,  
The wanderer, clad in garments poor,  
Bends on his wearied way.

Oft as he bows beneath the storm  
A mournful murmur breathes he low  
That mingles with the cutting snow  
And finds response in icemail'd form  
Of oak, the winds' shrill prey.

But soon his plodding footsteps cease;  
The wanderer sinks beneath the blast;  
The murky pall of night is cast;  
The tempest shrieks; but he has peace  
Among the stars alway.

## IV.

Beethoven, Op. 31, No. 3.



RANDLY sound, O strain  
melodic,  
Measured by a soul enraptured:  
Still he lives in thee harmonic,  
In the spirit thou hast captured  
From his lofty Godcommunion,  
From his blessèd worlddisunion.  
He, by harsh sounds undisturbèd,  
Hears the music of the moonlight,  
By no blatant earth perturbèd  
Feels the silence of the twilight.  
Midst the choir of sounds celestial,  
Thunderous of adoration,  
Comes this calm rift reverential—  
Michael sings in exaltation,  
Clear and sweet and penitential.



V.



LIGHTLY the yielding keys, withdrawn  
in dream, she swept.

Along the ivoried length her fingers  
sought some strain,

Dear legacy from Schubert's soul, of  
notes that wept

And notes that smiled through tears that for long  
time had lain

And only waited to be freed.

My soul, borne down by discord's voice that smote  
it sore,

Forgot its burden, leapt to meet the world with mirth.

Nor to the purple close of day did sorrow more

A habitation find, where now new joy had birth

And harmony had sovereign reign.

## VI.



HE music of thought is sad  
Like song of a tremulous sea  
When a shattered moon shimmers on  
waves that were glad  
In old Other Days with me.

The music of thought is sweet,  
From a haven we should have had—  
Homing and harbor for stonekissed feet:  
The music of thought is sad,  
But the music of thought is sweet!

Oh, tell me I never was thinking at all of you,  
But only of some fair dream I had  
When the music of thought was glad,  
When spiced winds filtered the pipes o' morning  
through!

The music of thought when of you I think  
(This old fair dream of you!)  
Like the fountain where bibulous nightingales drink,  
Goes pulsing its pleasure  
In strange, new measure,  
Till it fails on the brink  
And is sad  
For the Other Days and the haven we should have  
had!

## VII.



STRAYING at morn beneath a budding  
tree

Round which the wildgrape wound its  
sinuous length,

A robin's song awoke new hope in me,  
A robin's song filled with the springtime strength.  
It was the voice of melody,  
And blended with my thoughts of thee.

At noon, the traffic roar continually  
Dinned in my ear, I trod the crowded street;  
A country child, her voice birdlike and free,  
Cried joyfully her flowers, dewbathed and sweet.  
It was the voice of melody,  
And blended with my thoughts of thee.

I stood at twilight by the heaving sea  
Near by a fisher's hamlet wrapped in haze.  
The mother to the babe upon her knee  
Sang slumbrous snatches of forgotten lays.  
It was the voice of melody,  
And blended with my thoughts of thee.

*Morning, noon and night, sweet trinity!  
And lo, it was a day of melody!*

## VIII.



WINDSWEPT music of  
the boughs!

Thou singest many songs  
to me:

The sound of waters when  
the prow

Of stately ships put out to sea;  
The rustling of a bird in flight  
In magic, sunbathed Arcady;  
The tinkling of far sheepbells light  
In distant twilight melody,  
Thou sing'st to me.

Sweeter than accents of the oak  
That of oldtime to Jason spoke,  
More heartfelt than all other strains  
Thou sing'st in low monotony,  
Are those dim, memoried refrains  
She told to me  
In ecstasy.

And so I woo the loitering breeze  
That whispers soft among the trees.

IX.



THOU gentle Sidney, sweetest  
singer  
Risen from the sunloved  
South!  
In the night thy songs come  
winging  
Through the dark, like far bells ringing  
In young bridal ears.

Midst our native sounds orchestral  
Playing symphonies of poets,  
Thou the flutenote sweet arising  
Mellowthroated, harmonizing  
With our joys and tears.

Sounds divinely reminiscent  
Of old fancies sorrowfreighted,  
Resurrected at thy calling,  
Now like rain come gently falling  
Through the faded years.

Thou on earth an hour of heaven  
Mad'st in thought's deep harmony;  
And that hour has had no ending  
And ne'er will while sounds descending  
Find a soul that hears.

## X.

Ad Matrem.



NE stormy evening of the many spent  
Alone, we two, in fellowship most  
choice,  
In mingled gas and firelight, with the  
blent,

Bright pleasure of your kindly look and voice,  
And many a dearing touch that makes a heart  
rejoice.

I looked some old books over while you read—  
Some shelved editions that had slumbered long,  
Yet none too calm because they felt the tread  
Of newer troops that charm with other song,  
A strange young legion subtile where the old were  
strong.

You read. Your low voice thridded on full fine  
My tuneful dream.—Have you not marveled oft  
To follow where some cord of gold did shine  
Through fabrics manyfigured, strange and soft?  
Even so your golden tone ran through those  
thoughts of mine!

It seems you read some nimble new romance  
Of modern love; but less the tale I heard  
Than the dear voice that gave it utterance:  
And less the sense than color of each word  
Taking some vivid hue as off your lips it stirred.

I fear to sketch that siren simile  
Lest you, who know me well as plain, accuse  
As too ambitious my unwingèd muse—  
That other, of your “path to Arcady  
Paved in such soundmosaics, as Fancy’s feet must  
choose.”

But who could keep to plain ways? I would tell  
More amply of the Colors that did fit  
Into your tranquil voice’s soothing spell,  
And how the path wound on, and I with it,  
A winding gemset course to lure my errant wit.

I never heard such Colors were in Sound,  
Such slips of Color woven in a tone;  
I never knew, in all their mellow round,  
Such ripe reds and such golds as there were shown.  
And ’twas your voice that read else I had never  
known.

*Look!* —'tis a pale green word  
 And matched (let me see) with this,  
 Makes that rare old Genoavelvety sound:  
*Look Sharp: Sharp* is red and the colors kiss.  
 I am sure that never was heard  
 A sweeter, more delicate music the world around!

Old red, like folds of plush one sees  
 Stripped from some gorgeous palace or church  
 And hung from their perch  
 In the rich, dim, crimsongold shops of the Genoese;  
 Or like the queer, faded corals they show to you  
 (In green satin caskets, too!)  
 Mounted with infinite cunning in filigrees.

And the green —  
 Just about the same lightletting sheen  
 As the wonderful chalice at San Lorenzo's shrine  
 From one kingemerald cut (Oh, with red wine  
 Shimmering in it!) and brought  
 Out of Levantine lands wherein 'twas wrought,  
 Through want and loss  
 By some knight of the Cross.

So, then, thin emerald and old red—  
 And the ears and eyes of Fancy were richly fed!  
 Long velvety folds outshook  
 Over a muffled harp:  
 Look

*Sharp.*



II.

*Brink* is old rose.

He declares himself all over the gobelin hangings;  
He is slender and rather grows  
Lengthwise out of his clothes,  
And his tone is like twangings  
Of a distant 'cello not played on yet,  
But struck, after tuning, G sharp, I should think.

He is nervous; yet very calm  
Is his sisterword, *From*,  
Who is chestnut in color and never has learned to  
forget;  
And she says, with her hand in his, "Brink,  
We are oldrose and chestnutbrown,  
And we walk this tapestry down, up and down,  
Till we make him smile to think  
Of hair he knew  
And roses that twined it through."

III.

*Survive.*

Pearlpink, like ladies' fingertips  
That wave farewell,  
Or the enamel of some sounding shell  
That still where go strange ships  
Beside a lonely shore  
Its old sad tale into your ear will pour  
Of *Nevermore*.

IV.

*Hallucinate.*

"I am a crystal turning.  
In me are whirled  
All the enchantments of the Colorworld,  
Writhing, coiling, burning.  
Yet am I wholly blue  
(*Hallu-*)  
And most skylike all through.  
But if you wait  
You see a million melted rainbows there,  
(*-Cinate*),  
Hue over hue  
Unwinding in the air  
Within my globe, that do articulate  
Little unheardof songs and scraps of tune  
To ears that love old music in the moon."

*Now.*

“I creep to thy arms, dear Then,  
 For there’s naught in woman’s ken  
 So dear, so dear as thou  
 To thy small, white bride named *Now*.  
 And have all thy brides been fair  
 With white gowns, silk, like mine,  
 And little mouths, red like mine,  
 And a rose or two in the hair?

“First tell me, handsome Then,  
 Of all that have passed by the name I bear,  
 Of all thy brides, have any been quite so fair?  
 Now swear to me, swear!

“ ‘None!’ of course—like all you men.  
 But I must believe you when  
 You say it so gravely as doubtless your little white  
     brides,  
 Womanlike, for ages have done and thanked you,  
     like me, besides !”

VI.

*Stain.*

Drenched in her streaming hair  
Against the sunset on the terracestair,  
Beside a tearosetree  
Sat she.

And something in her eyes,  
Whether of regret  
Or strangled memories  
That were not quite dead yet—  
Oh, something in her eyes  
Would not look up at me!

She smiled. And I thought, "Once more  
She smiles for me!"

But 'twas only the common smile she wore  
For the pale tearosetree  
That seemed to leap and run  
Along the terracestair  
Up to the orange sun,  
Up to her redgold hair:  
The smile she wore was one that did remain,  
As she turned her face on me,  
From the pale tearosetree  
And the sunset's spreading stain.

## XI.



HAVE seen cathedral win-  
dows,  
Rich and glorious, softly  
burning  
And the saints within them  
trembling

At the organ's solemn tone;  
I have read the ancient rubrics  
With their hues undimmed remaining,  
Hues that help, when slow lips falter,  
With sweet prayers of their own.

I have haunted halls enchanted,  
Halls with tapestries resplendent  
And high dreams of painting poets  
Wrought for kings and sons of kings;  
And I've gazed when daydeath glory  
In historic mountainplaces  
Caught and changed the clouds of autumn  
Into gorgeous curtainings.

At red roses I have wondered  
When, within some wellloved bosom  
They their tender faces bury  
And breathe sweetly on the air;  
And I've marked in dimeyed marvel,  
Where the violins were wailing,  
Lips and cheeks of lovely women,  
And the shadows in their hair.

## XII.

### I.

#### *The Poet.*



HAVE been dead and under the sod  
so long!  
Oh, to break forth, arise,  
Resume the song,  
And just be again beneath the old blue  
skies!

### II.

#### *The Soldier.*

'Tis weary here waiting alone!  
This darkness is deaf and dumb,  
And I lie here like a stone.  
Above is there yet some light?  
Do the highways hum?  
Here never a glimmer and never a sound hath  
come—  
Save once a drum  
Of soldiers that went to fight!  
O God! to swing off with them,  
Faring afoot with them,  
On to the charge and the glory of War!  
Or to gallop ahead of them,  
Victorysped of them—  
That were worth waiting and suffering for!

Never again,  
O Marching Men,  
Shall we shout together the songs of camp!  
No banner can beck, no bright sword flash and wave  
Here in the grave,  
In the grave that is dark and damp.  
—That were worth all, did I think, did I say?  
All save their forgetting! But he is a knave  
That will drain his draught and grumble that he  
must pay!

### III.

#### *The Priest.*

How long is it now, I wonder—  
A thousand years, at least,  
Here the dark vault under,  
Feet to the east,  
Supposed to be Paradisewalking, a purgèd priest!  
Well, none of them see me, thank heaven,  
As they pass me here on the hill—  
So long as they live they're shriven  
And when they come here — they are still.

### XIII.



LOITERED through the streets at  
dead of night;  
No sound, save rustling of a few dead  
leaves  
Against a gnarlèd oaktree's rugged  
limb.

Yet this was music sweeter far for me  
Than sound of lute or loftypealing hymn  
Sung in proud notes of splendid jubilee.

I walked the shore alone, when winter skies  
Hung moody, frowning o'er the sea's gray waste;  
I was alone, the wind was biting chill,  
And still the lapping of the cold, green wave  
Gave my soul's hungering its better fill  
Than voice of priestly men in vaulted nave.



#### XIV.



IM years aback the Wise  
Men, sped  
By one bright star that  
sent its light  
Propitious of new life, and  
lead

By prophecy of Holy Night,  
Journeyed to mild Mary's son.

Go out into the night, and thou,  
If wise, wilt find 'neath starlit skies  
A thousand shrines at which to bow,  
A manger where the Christchild lies  
In every earthborn twig and shrub.

XV.



WHEN thou to Nature goest  
From off thine eyelids shake  
The cobwebs of thy learning;  
The spectacles that boast  
Deep insight, quickly take  
From hindering thy discerning.

Then thou more shapes mayst see  
In every stone and tree  
Than old Polonius, everwise,  
Found in the cloud that flecked the skies.

## XVI.



HERE is a shallow optimism  
abroad  
That will see naught but  
comedy; from gray  
And duller tones of life it  
turns away  
To live upon its laughter, thanking God.  
There *is* an Optimism that is awed  
At the tragedy of life, but knows the play  
Grandly conceived, and will unwincing stay  
The plot to study and the piece applaud.

XVII.



WHY doth devising man so often  
make

An eager end of what should  
merely be

The humble framework of his  
destiny!

Why, when the poet into song would break,  
Doth he within the ardor of his rime  
Forget the burden of his song sublime!

When he who limns fair woman, ardent, tries  
To paint red lips and dusky twilight hair,  
Why leaves he out the soul divinely fair  
That smiles behind those deepset gentian eyes!  
Answer me this, thou transient Muse of mine,  
And I will tell why man is not divine.

XVIII.



FREE! dost thou cry, Unfettered  
and unbound?

Dictator of thy will,  
A very sovereign still,  
The son of Fortunatus, freedom-  
crowned?

O foolish wight! Thou yet must suffer pain.  
Whoe'er by doubt is held,  
By any secret ill propelled,  
Is dungeoned round by worser cares  
And more a subject for our prayers  
Than servile Ethiop bound by copper chain.

## XIX.



WELLBRED but ingenuous rose  
Did once uncloset  
Upon a morning in my bushes here  
'Neath where you lean in this old  
belvedere.

You have no fancy now  
For allegories?—How  
Do you who have so many lovers know  
Which to cut short when all are prompted so  
By eyes and lips and hair  
To read their meaning in the things less fair?

However, you must hear  
How this my rose unfolding on the year  
And to have been supreme,  
As I did dream,  
Drooped soon and died  
Of her own folly in this gardenside.

(There, crush that cheek again and let your eye  
From out along the paths that townward lie—  
I know its speech  
Well as I know the heart I fain would reach!)

A flattering and sophisticated bee  
And a plain beetle joined in rivalry  
For the red rose; and both—  
But with how different aims!—beheld her growth.

The noisy bee came sauntering by  
And, with much talk, an ogling eye  
And wily pretense, drained unknown to her  
The heart where naïveté and sweetness were.  
Then off he sped,  
A hundred other conquests in his head.

The clumsy beetle climbed o'er many a thorn  
Arriving somewhat later in the morn.  
To seek her heart he sued  
And steadily his passion's plea renewed.  
He was persistent doubtless and  
Perhaps did stand  
Too long upon one petal, though  
He meant well so;  
But, anyhow, she sharply bade him go.

The next I saw of her she lay  
Wide to the day  
Against the paling there,  
Unmissed her sweetness stolen—but one fair,  
Soft petal rumped which she died  
Thinking on, sick and mortified.

## XX.

### I.

Lilli Lehmann sang Isoldes Liebestod.



BLUR of sunsetred was in her tone  
That sank in beauty where the waves  
were sheen—  
An evertwilit sea whose pallors shone  
Strangely along redridden wash of  
green.

### II.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink sang Ortrud.

*(Weil eine Stund' ich meines Werths vergessen)*

Blazed through the dark that orange voice of hers—  
Fire behind where, firmmeshed, the grille upgrew  
Of horn and drum and viol, barriers  
My clinging soul, unscorched, peers safely through.

### III.

Emma Calvé sang Carmen.

*(Le ciel ouvert, la vie errante)*

Too yellow all these lights and those gilt things  
Theatric morethanyellow. Oh, be dim,  
Gay world, and let our ears see! Lo, she sings  
In primrosesamite of the seraphim.



IV.

Johanna Gadske sang Elisabeth.  
(*Mach dass ich rein und engelgleich*)

In every simple Maytime, all the light  
Reflectable nuances of a seafloored noon,  
See I such tones of green; but best, fullnight,  
When through my garden looks the dreamy moon.

V.

Nellie Melba sang Violetta.  
(*Ah, fors' e lui che l'anima*)

Skies are thought blue, and blossomchalices  
Brimmed with May rain.—But only certain eyes  
Can mate the veryblue that music is  
And it alone such blueness melodize.

VI.

Lillian Nordica sang Leonora.  
(*Mira, di acerbe lagrime*)

One pale lamp swayed within a richhung hall;  
Fair folk swung by in tapestries arow,  
Sad, rhythmic, ever in pairs. And under all  
Went long, smooth, shadowy floors of indigo.

VII.

Emma Eames sang Elsa.  
(*O fänd ich Jubelweisen*)

And I am little again, and it is spring!  
The violets by the mossy rock are wet.  
'Tis nothing strange that violets can sing,  
Nor aught that song is only violet.

XXI.



WOULDST be like Enoch, O aspiring  
one ?

Forget thyself, and straight there will  
arise

A glorious son, divine, to walk and run  
With God, deep gladness in his eyes.

## XXII.

### I.

Our Maker let no thought of Calvary  
Trouble the morning stars in their first song.

—*W. B. Yeats.*



ND in a blessèd mist looked Mary's  
eyes

That daylong over Jesus gently smiled;  
Old tender Galilean lullabies  
Sang she, untroubled, to a happy child.

### II.

Wisdom is oft-times nearer  
When we stoop than when we soar.

—*Wordsworth.*

So did our Master stoop, nor held  
All Israel's patriarch line, Godcrowned,  
Like to that simple child profound  
He took to his heart in days of eld.

## XXIII.

It's poor wark tay-drinkin' when you have it all to yourself.

—*Jane Barlow.*



COME, good comrades, join me  
where  
The Urn our spirits may repair;  
Drink a cup to friends afar  
Tonight from my old samovar!  
Not tonight? Ah, well, the storm  
Does make one's own hearth more warm  
And I blame you not for this  
Homely, sluggish, fireside bliss.

(So alone my course I took  
Crosslots to my inglenook.  
Cheer in light and fire I sought  
To outweigh my winter thought.  
There I brewed such cups of tea  
As never so ambrosially  
Fed a chamber's air upon  
Soothing odors of Ceylon.)

Ha, good Bookshelf! though the night  
Hath such power old friends to fright,  
I'll have Company to tea  
Such as thou canst offer me.  
Though the wet wind at my pane  
Wail a dirge, 'twill be in vain!—  
Come, ye unrheumatic crew,  
We shall have a merry brew!

Long ago in weather bleak  
Learnt I first your charms to seek,  
Bent o'er many a moldy page  
Of Cervantes or Le Sage,  
In a chair so big I felt  
Somewhat like the kingly Celt  
Who, they say, in times ago  
Had a mountain for a throne.  
—Of Le Sage? Ah, nights were those,  
Poring o'er that relished prose,  
Nights were those of wine and honey,  
Blithe Gil Blas of Santillane!

Elia, in thy gold & green,  
None too often art thou seen  
At my table friendliwise  
With thy gentle, quizzing eyes.  
Come! with Bridget too, dear soul!  
You shall talk me sane and whole—  
It's a cleanhearted room and that'll  
Just be suiting Sarah Battle.  
There, Vasari! don't you think  
That I catch your friendly wink?  
I daresay you've tales in store  
For this night and many more:  
Botticelli's balanced stone,  
Or how Biagio did atone  
In a painted hell brought low  
For criticising Angelo.

Who comes now?—And shall I ask  
Omar with his rosewreathed flask?  
Or, more moral and less vinous,  
Aphoristic Antoninus?  
Six red volumes—scarce amiss,  
Boswell-of-*Affleck* is this!  
But ere I invite thee down  
With thy gossip of the Town,  
Thy Illustrious Friend with thee,  
Talking thunder, guzzling tea,  
I'll insure my samovar  
Against lightning, hail and war.  
(Nay, if he gets stormy I'll  
Merely close the book and smile;  
None, in life, could snub so well  
The obstreperous Samuel!)

—Songs I hear of Rosaleen,  
The winding Erne and sad Cathleen:  
'Tis the bards at Erin's gates,  
Mangan, Allingham and Yeats.  
—Addison? Yes, Sir Roger's quite  
A pleasant, overdue old Knight  
Who shall tell me of the Play  
And his Spring Garden Holiday.  
Here's society for him:  
Cranford ladies, capped and prim,  
Whom the aromatic steam  
Must draw down to me 'twould seem!

There's Lavengro o'er the ingle;  
From his forge in Mumpers' Dingle  
He shall taste the drink *I* brewed  
In *my* firelight solitude.

And, above, Immortal Cynic  
From whose eye a ray actinic  
Dries, e'en as it falls, the briny  
Teardrop, thou shalt sing, O Heine!  
And thy neighbor, clad in red  
With a gilt crown on his head?  
Ah, De Quincey! He must come,  
Drink, and muse on opium.

Sweet, sweet days beneath the dim  
Worcester oaks I've dwelt with him;  
Up and down in Oxfordstreet  
I've saddened for his weary feet;  
Mornings have I softly gone  
In St. Cuthbert's holy lawn  
Where, 'tis marked, De Quincey stays  
Through these shifting nights and days.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

Tea alone?—O good old Shelf  
Not while thou'rt thy ample self!  
Not till some preposterous day  
When thy tenants turn away  
To some Secondhand hoary  
Who keeps Twelvemo Purgatory!  
And by then, all things that are,  
Roseinvase and samovar,  
Friendship, fire and fragrant tea,  
Shall have had their hour with me



## XXIV.



FT gaze we on the chronicle of lands  
By some stern tyrant's bolt of woe  
deepriven,

Tortured and slain; the remnant  
strangeward driven

From their sweet homes by the unkind demands  
Of heathen hate. But still there silent stands  
The momentary sigh, which hard has striven  
To cross its trembling lintel, and soon shriven  
Of woe at some light joy our heart expands.  
If but our feeble housedog moaning dies  
There broods a cleaving sorrow in us long;  
Keep back as best we may the tears that rise  
They shed themselves e'en in our gladsome song.  
Our world is bounded by the things we touch;  
And shall we not give thanks that it is such!

XXV.



FT have I stood behind the arrasfold  
And seen the mockery of its painted  
show,  
Gazed on its puppets, striving to bestow  
Their lofty lines, while, in truth's  
accents told,

Their shallow hearts beat quicker as there rolled  
The plaudits of a pit, fired high and low  
By semblance;—which behind the mask did grow  
Feeble and sickening to my sense to hold.  
So must we puppets seem to lofty minds  
Who gaze behind the curtain of life's play,  
Unduped by actions, as our motives, low.  
Small wonder they their pitying tears let flow  
Who strive to clothe us in our true array  
And give the cue to Truth which Wisdom finds.

## XXVI.



SILENCE in the hurrying roar ;  
The hushed street pauses, mute  
to con  
Yon fluttering thing upon the door,  
Emblem of a white passing on.

The world must droop its sordid eyes  
At times lest they grow fixed and chill.  
Oft when the ground in fever lies  
Then come from heaven the raindrops still.

## XXVII.

*To Edward Rowland Sill.*



HEN the western sky is blazing  
With departing day's new hope  
For the morrow, and the  
    praising  
Of the wind is on the slope,

As my eyes toward the Pacific  
Turn in wonder never dim,  
I behold a form deific  
Outlined on the golden rim.

There Ionian Venus stands,  
Stately, sacred Beauty's queen,  
And below with outstretched hands  
With a longing pure, serene,

Thou her worshiper indeed,  
Minstrel of her during charms,  
Thou from lower bondage freed,  
Honor's faithful Man at Arms.

## XXVIII.



HE Druidoak, deepgnarled and bent  
Lifts up his arms on high:  
We raise our hands with good  
intent  
But still we grow awry.

XXIX.



HE wood burns low  
My heart's desire  
A holier fire  
Doth grow.

The ember dies:  
The inner hope  
To greater scope  
Doth rise.

The spark hath gone:  
But from above  
Diviner love  
Doth dawn.







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